

New-York Weekly Museum.

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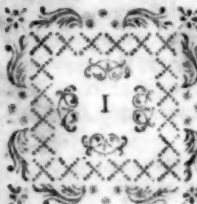
A S S I Z E of B R E A D,

Established in Common Council, Dec. 5, 1787.

A Loaf of inspected superfine Wheat Flour, to weigh Two Pounds Five Ounces, for Six-Pence.

A Loaf of Rye Flour, to weigh One Pound Twelve Ounces, for Three Pence.

DISINTERESTED LOVE.

N the province of Languedoc monsieur Fleurier was one of the most considerable personages not on account of his descent, his mental treasures, his virtues, his acts of benevolence, but on account of his riches. His wealth had been acquired originally by usury, and was daily increasing by usury likewise. His wife, who brought him a large fortune, was no less rich in virtues, than in money. Fleurier could not see many charms in the former, though he was captivated with the latter. Their marriage was productive only of one child, who was a daughter. Her charms, even from infancy, fixed the eyes of admiration. The father looked on them as the auspices of good fortune, and resolved to give her all those embellishments of education which might add to the charms of her person, and recommend her to the attention of opulence. The mother enriched her mind with all the virtues which render the sex more captivating than beauty, and more estimable than wealth.

When her beauties were full-blown, she was introduced to the circle of the polite. Her father's riches and her mother's virtues, recommend her to the esteem of the opulent, and the attention of the wise.

In one of these public assemblies she caught the eyes of the Chevalier de Beauville. His estate was considerable, his virtues more so. He offered his hand to Miss Fleurier at a ball. The elegance with which she acquitted herself, and the artless modesty with which she entered into conversation, made an indelible impression upon his heart. When the ball was over, he waited upon Miss and her mother to their coach. His palpitating heart, and her trembling hand, convinced each of them that they were necessary to each other's happiness.

The Chevalier waited on his partner the next day to enquire how she did. The passion he had conceived the night before was increased by this interview. He begged he might be permitted the honour of a second visit the next day. Miss Fleurier cast her eyes to the ground, her face being crimsoned over with the virgin blush of modesty, and referred him to her mamma, who was in the room. Mrs. Fleurier, who was acquainted with his character and his condition, replied, "That she could not take such a liberty without consulting her husband; and that she made no doubt but the result would be a free access to their house." The Chevalier bowed his thanks, and retired, looking behind him to keep his charmer in view as long as

he could; and after she was out of sight, contemplated her image, which was upon his mind.

Mr. Fleurier heard his wife with attention, and being strongly prepossessed in favour of the Chevalier on account of his *wealth*, gave him leave to pay his addresses to his daughter, promising his consent, provided he could gain hers.

The Chevalier took all the opportunities he could to visit Miss Fleurier; and by his importunities prevailed on her to become his for ever, on condition that her parents would give their sanction to a measure of such importance.

Some time after, the day for their union was fixed by Mr. Fleurier himself, and cloaths were purchased on the occasion; but a man whose ruling passion is avarice, never thinks himself obliged to stick to one engagement, if it is possible to make it better.

M. L'Avare, a person of the same cast as Fleurier, unfortunately paid him a visit—The charms of his daughter made an impression on him, though he was almost in his grand climacteric. He had lived till then without making any attachment with the sex, because he knew of no charms but those of money. On his departure Fleurier attended him to the door, and on his taking leave of him was surprized to hear him whisper to him, "Thou hast got a pretty daughter—I wish you would give her to me?" Fleurier in his astonishment smiled, and replied that he certainly could not be serious! "But I am," replied L'Avare, and confirmed what he had said by an expression which an avaricious man might use, but a religious man should not.

This confession made Fleurier thoughtful. At first he recollected his engagement with the Chevalier, and thought it dishonest to break it: but in a minute after his passion for wealth got the ascendancy, and he thought he was acting more like a parent by cancelling a former promise, and giving his daughter a richer husband than she expected.

Fleurier had a *terre-a-terre* the next day with L'Avare, forgot his former promise, and signed the marriage-settlements with L'Avare.

The latter was introduced to Miss Fleurier, and met with that treatment which one of his age and character deserved. L'Avare made his complaint to her father, who sided with him, and charged his daughter upon her duty to receive him as one that was to be her partner for life, threatening to disinherit her if she should be guilty of the least opposition.

This menace put the heart of Miss Fleurier to the torture. Her mother, knowing the obstinacy and violence of her husband's temper, durst not interpose, for fear of making him more inhumane. Amidst this gloom of misery the Chevalier paid her a visit—the tears which trembled in her eyes forced tears of blood from his heart—He was informed of the terrible catastrophe in which their hopes were involved. He assured her of an unalterable attachment—He offered to take her without any fortune; and added, "That as he had been honored with the previous consent of both her parents, he thought she could not be guilty of any violation of duty by accelerating their marriage."

Scarce had the Chevalier finished the last sen-

tence, when L'Avare entered the room, attended by Mr. Fleurier, who presented a rich box of jewels from L'Avare to his daughter. She refused to receive a gift from a person whom she could not approve of. She reminded him, that by his consent she was pre-engaged to the Chevalier, and that as their hearts were united, it was in vain to prevent the uniting of their hands. Wealth she might esteem as a necessary evil, but never could look upon it as preferable to veracity and virtue. "A flower," added she, "from the Chevalier, is more valuable to me than the richest diamond from another."

The Chevalier had at that time a nosegay in his hand, which he presented her with a grace that can scarce be described. L'Avare not willing to give up a conquest which he thought would not be secured with difficulty, pulled out a large purse containing some thousands, telling Miss Fleurier "that it contained more beautiful flowers than any in the Chevalier's power to present her with." She looked with indignation upon his address; and the Chevalier, putting his hand upon his sword, bid him begone, which he instantly did, shaking the purse as soon as he had got upon the other side of the threshold. M. Fleurier, provoked at the pusillanimity of L'Avare, renewed his engagements with the Chevalier, & gave him his daughter, professing, though contrary to his known character, that riches are not always productive of happiness; and that disinterested love is the only affection which deserves so sublime a title.

NOTES for the USE of a LAWYER. CONDUCT in COURT.

IN matters of fact, and plain common law, mind to flourish, and pour out all the eloquence of Demosthenes and Cicero.

When you are engaged in a state prosecution, it will shew your loyalty, politeness, and good breeding, to insult the culprit *ex officio*, and to rail at all patriotism—the high road this to preferment.

Party hints are of admirable service against the opposite party, when you have a bad cause, especially if you know your jury to be picked by court interest.

When your cause is such as forbids any hopes of moving judgment in your favour, apply to the passions.

Petulence and pertness are good qualities in *petto*, but they must be discreetly used. Thus, if a judge delivers his opinion, do not presume to controvert it—but be sure to strike in with it, and confidently remark—"Please your worship, I was just going to say the same thing—to be sure please your worship—it cannot be otherwise"—This is well timed adulation. Whereas a pert objection, stated to your superior's opinion, would infallible ruin you—"though your sentiments were founded in law and equity, and derived from the best authorities."

The management of witnesses is a delicate point, not to be committed to paper, take care how you shine in that province—but if any short hand wri-

ter attempts to take down your cross questions, have your eye on him instantly, and desire the court to interfere and prevent his publishing them to the world: for what passes current for good sense in court, will be often considered as nonsensical impertinence out of it.

When your client is non-suited, though your fault, is a melancholy shake of the head, and shrug of the shoulder, with the addition of this common phrase—"Who would have thought it," may suffice—But if you are got above the resentment of attorneys, you may venture to say—the case was not rightly flatted to you.

If you have carried your cause, take care to depreciate its merits to your client—and enlarge on your dexterity in the management of it.

Crown a life of prosperity, attained by the pursuit of these maxims, if possible, with an honorary post—that your origin, if obscure, and the remembrance of your profession, in which, after all there are some things not very reconcileable to the principles of honour, may be lost in the next generation; and your children hold rank and precedence in the state, with the lineage of those who purchased their high honours by their heroic deeds in defence of the sacred rights and privileges of their country, against the violence and encroachments of foreign enemies and domestic traitors.

THE DELINEATOR, NUMBER VI.

To the DELINEATOR,

My S^r, my good
IT is my misfortune to be what is called a *d—n'd jolly fellow*; that is, I sing a good roaring song, have a tolerable knack at telling a story, can spout a little, and am a bit of a mimic. With these qualifications, and an uncommon share of good nature, my company has been eagerly sought by Masons, Bucks, Friars, Goodfellows, and societies of every denomination: in these associations, and others of a more private nature, have I past my vigils for some time past, in constant noise and dissipation, and frequently risen at noon with a violent head-ach, a disordered stomach, and a vitiated appetite—for what? having belloyed a song, ranted a speech, and told a story—and worst of all, having spent my money.

This career, Sir, lasted near two years, and though many striking examples of my folly were before me, with all its aggravated circumstances, I was so infatuated, that I could not refrain, as long as my health and pocket would let me, pursuing this frantic round.

How often have I been in company, and on hearing of the death of a Buck, or Choice Spirit, his funeral eulogiums expressed by those, who pretended the most cordial friendship for him whilst living, have amounted to this? "He was a good natured fellow, it must be owned." "Ay," cries a second, "a very good natured fellow, but a damn'd fool, or he would not have ruined his fortune and constitution as he did." A third, "he was no man's enemy but his own." A fourth, "egad he was a very clever fellow, and sung an excellent song; but to be sure he had his weakness—he was too generous, and could never keep a shilling in his pocket."

Notwithstanding these cutting reflections upon a departed jolly fellow, I was so blind that I could not make the application to myself.

In a word, having spent what little money I had, and exhausted my credit at the spunging house, I was conveyed to Prison, where I now remain, a striking monument of folly, extravagance, and dissipation, aiming to support the ridiculous character of a *d—n'd jolly fellow*.

I have, however, found some consolation in this retreat, finding many in the same situation as myself, and nearly from the same cause. In comparing notes, we afford ourselves some solace, especially when we find that in higher spheres of life, *friendship* is but the whistling of a name, where it is founded only in vice and debauchery.

I am, Sir, in hopes that this letter may serve as a beacon to some of your juvenile readers, who may avoid the rock that I and many more have split upon, and remain your humble servant,

A REFORMED DAMN'D JOLLY FELLOW.

MAXIMS and REFLECTION, recommended to the Consideration of the LADIES.

IV. IF love is an enlarger of the heart in some respects, it must naturally operate very differently when relinquishing the beloved object becomes the question. There the voice of friendship is heard but faintly: nay, too frequently, the pleadings even of honor and humanity are totally disregarded.

V. Were young women delicately bred, and compelled to be industrious, encouraged more generally by persons in happier circumstances, it would be a cordial to their spirits, and a spur to their diligence; and not only prevent their languishing out their days in heart-felt mortification, but preserve them from falling a prey to the wicked, the cruel advantage mankind are too apt to take of their exposed situations.

VI. Virtue the more it is afflicted, the more it is depressed, breaks out at length with redoubled lustre; but the rough blasts of vice, the fatal shafts of ignominy, can deprive even pleasure of its charms, and affluence of its various gratifications.

WIT, and WISDOM of the EAST.

A Wise and prudent man swallows his grief, and waits for the occasion.

The excellence of a man does not consist in a pretty face; the qualities of the mind are the fund of that beauty, according to the sages.

Four things should never flatter us; familiarity with princes, the caresses of women, the smiles of our enemies, nor a warm day in winter; for these things are not of a long duration.

Your own reason is an error, therefore it cannot discern an error; To stick firmly to one's own sentiments and opinions is the way to err; for since you can never reason but upon what is to happen, and the contingency of things, all your thoughts and reasonings will conduct you into the darkness of pride and obstinacy.

You cannot draw a line but it must have a beginning and an end; a wise man knows, first, the principle and origin of all things, and, secondly, is not ignorant of their end.

Some things may be compared to the eye which appears black, but is, when examined, a body of light.

Let us behave so well to our enemies as to make them our friends, and caress our friends in such a manner as to attach them invariably to our interest.

Wise men use liberally their estates, and during their life make their friends partakers of them; but the avaricious are so foolish, that they amass riches even for their enemies.

To obtain knowledge you should have the vigilance of a crow, the greediness of a hog, the caresses of a cat, and the patience of a dog.

The fire of hell can never burn a pretty face.

The most excellent of all virtues is purity of intention. Justice for an hour is better than devotion for a year.

There is no disease so incurable as inveterate ignorance.

Happiness is the lot of knowledge, misery the inheritance of ignorance.

The time you employ so ill is carried away by the wind of the common vicissitudes of the world, without its ever being again retrievable.

When the mind is tired, and you seek to relieve it by some diversion, use it like the salt on your meat, sparingly.

Expect no pity from this faithless cruel world, it never yet gave any to any one; if you are sometimes dazzled with its brilliance, think it will soon finish and fade away.

The body is a case wherein the soul is put, like a sword in a scabbard; it is the sword you should value, not the scabbard.

The gain of all things which subsist, in this world do nothing but make a noise and disturbance; fly; and make your retreat in the domain of Chaos, there you will meet with repose.

Suppose you possessed every thing that is great in this world, will it not after one day vanish? and that fatal day does it not incessantly repeat to you, that dirt and dust is your only fund and your last habitation?

Fear God and be ashamed of mankind.

The life of this world is only a sleep, of which the life of the other is the awakening; and the dreams of this sleep are nothing but confusion.

ON DRUNKENNESS.

NO vices are so incurable, as those which men are apt to glory in. One would wonder, how drunkenness should have the good luck to be of this number. Anarchasis, being invited to a match of drinking at Corinth, demanded the prize very humorously, because he was drunk before the rest of the company; for, says he, when we run a race, he who arrives at the goal first, is entitled to the reward. On the contrary, in this thirsty generation, the honor falls upon him who carries off the greatest quantity of liquor, and knocks down the rest of the company.

I was, the other day, along with honest Will Funnell, the West Saxon, who was reckoning up how much liquor had passed through him in the last twenty years of his life; which according to his computation, amounted to twenty three hogheads of Octob, four tons of port, half a kilderkin of small beer, nineteen barrels of cider, and three glasses of champagne: besides which, he had assisted at four hundred bowls of punch; not to mention fips, drams and whets, without number. I question not, but every reader's memory will suggest to him several ambitious young men, who are as vain in this particular as Will Funnell, and can boast of as glorious exploits.

But, however highly this tribe of people may think of themselves, a drunken man is a greater monster than any that is to be found among all the creatures which God has made: and, indeed there is no character which appears more despicable and deformed, in the eyes of all reasonable persons, than that of a drunkard. Bonosus, one of our own countrymen, who was addicted to this vice, having set up for a share in the Roman empire, and being defeated in a great battle, hanged himself. When he was seen by the army in this melancholy situation, notwithstanding he had behaved himself very bravely, the common jest was, that the thing they saw hanging upon the tree before them, was not a man, but a bottle.

Foreign Intelligenc.

PETERSBURG, June 24.

This day Admiral Grieg has received his sailing orders. It now appears that he is to cruise off Cronstadt. Of the efficient powers of his fleet, from the uncommon secrecy with which it was equipped, we can say little. This we know, however, that it consists of 13 ships of the line, six frigates, and eight other armed vessels, containing between 7000 and 8000 troops. These, steering afterwards for the Mediterranean, he is to land wherever it may be found most expedient. In addition to this armament, ten more ships of the line are fitting at Cronstadt, which, with five others now fit for sea at Archangel, are destined to cruise in the Baltic.

WARSAW, July 2.

The greatest part of Marshal Romanzow's army has certainly passed the Deniesser. There are no other Turkish troops in Moldavia than the garrison of Choczim, consisting of 4800 men; but it is reported that the Grand Vizir intends to march against the Russians, and enter Moldavia whilst the Seraskier employs the Austrians.

From the Lower Elbe, July 18. All the letters confirm the accounts of the important victory obtained by the Prince de Nassau, with the light ships of the Russian fleet, over the Captain Pacha. This stroke at once puts an end to the intended attack of the Turks upon the Crimea, the Prince Potemtkin is already on his march to Oczakow, to take advantage of the panick of the Turks.

CADIZ, June 20.

Five ships are arrived here, and one at Corunna, and have brought from Mounte Vide, Vera Cruz, and the Havannah, 1,793,979 crowns, 67 marks of silver, and one of gold for the King's account; and 19,237 crowns and 301 marks of wrought silver for private persons, besides a great quantity of different merchandizes.

LONDON, July 26.

Letters from Brett advise, that orders have arrived there to fit out the Superb of 74 guns, and L'Alfred, L'Iphigenie and la Junon frigates; it is thought they are destined for the East Indies, and that Mr. Barnard de Marigny will have the command of them.

The king of Sweden, with all his forces, arrived safe in Finland the 28th ult.

The French council have put a stop to the maritime ports, and have issued orders to the ports of Havre and Bourdeaux, not to prepare any more packet boats for that purpose.

A youth about sixteen years of age, who had been to see the unhappy malefactor hanged on Tuesday last, who was condemned for setting his house on fire, returned from the execution extremely thoughtful, and on being questioned as to the cause, said he would first beg to have his question answered. He then asked his father where those people who died under the gallows, went after death? His father replied to He ven. Soon after which the youth, without any previous intimation of his design, went up stairs to his own bed chamber, and having previously left upon the table a paper containing the following sentence, "Father grieve not, I am gone to Heaven," fastened a cord to the frame of a bed, and was found hanging by the maid servant, about an hour after. All methods to revive him were tried in vain.

NEW-YORK, OCTOBER 4.

Extract of a letter from Halifax, dated Sept. 14.

"The sloop Sulan, J. M. Tufton, master, arrived here this morning from Marimichie river, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. On the 18th inst. Capt. Tufton spoke the schooner Rathleigh from Newfoundland, going into Marimichie; she had on board the crew of the brig Deligence, James Farley, master; which vessel sailed from Hull the 5th July, for New-York, laden with woollens, ironmongery, &c. and on the 22d of August, being in lat. 45. 10. N. and long. 53. W. about 20 leagues to the westward of the Grand Bank, sprung a leak; on the 23d, at 12 o'clock, P. M. the master and crew were under the necessity of quitting her, she having nine feet water in the hold. They all got safe on board the Rathleigh."

On Monday the 25th ult. arrived at Portsmouth (New Hampshire) the brig Hetty, Capt. Wingate, 31 days from Trinidad, who informs, that 3 days after he left that place, in lat. 16. 20. N. about 12 or 13 leagues to the westward of Guadaloup, he fell in with a sloop dismasted, full of water, and no person on board; she had one anchor at her bow with a cable bent to it, the other had been parted, and was towing overboard; her sails were on deck, and her boom and mast entirely gone—there were no papers to be found on board; but by the letters on her stern, she was the Experiment of Antigua. Capt. Wingate also informs, that on the 26th ult. in lat. 29. N. long. 68 W. he spoke with the sloop Washington, from St. Eustatia, out 6 days, the Capt. of which informed him, that there had been a heavy gale of wind at Martinico and Gaudaloup, on the 15th ult. in which several vessels had been drove to sea; but what other damage had been sustained he could not learn—likewise, that all the vessels in St. Eustatia had put to sea, on account of the heavy sea in that road: but the gale had not been so severe there as in the first mentioned Islands.

Extract of a letter from Dublin, May 19.

"Tuesday evening a young lady of this city, who had taken up the dangerous custom of keeping pins in her mouth, fell asleep in her chair, with some of those diminutive weapons under her tongue. A friend coming in, and tapping her on the forehead, she started, and swallowed six middling pins. The pain produced by this accident made her sensible of her error. A surgeon was sent for, and her throat examined, but fortunately all had gone down. A strong vomit being instantly procured and taken, the pins were soon evacuated to the number swallowed, and the lady is perfectly restored, with only a remaining soreness in the throat and stomach, for which proper remedies are ordered. This accident, which might have proved fatal, should be a warning to such unguarded females as make too free with pins and needles, which too many are apt to thrust in their mouths, without considering, if the heads happen not to go downwards, and continue in that position, there can be little chance of getting them out of the stomach, and a lingering torture, attended with certain death, must be the inevitable consequence."

We learn from Lectoure, via Paris, that a most dreadful thunder storm happened in that city the third of June, which nearly destroyed the tower of the cathedral, and did very considerable damage so as greatly to alarm all the neighbourhood. The dreadful and unexampled hurricane, which ravaged the city of Lectoure, and all the neighbouring parishes, on the 28th of June, last year, had already greatly damaged the cathedral, upon which the present storm fell. The hail which laid waste the country around, was so large and abundant, that the memory of man does not furnish an instance of any thing so disastrous.

On Thursday evening last was held, at Mr. Hulet's dancing room, Messrs GRAHAM and JOHNSON'S Public Speaking. A more respectable and numerous audience was never, perhaps, before collected on such an occasion. The pieces in general were well chosen and admirably delivered, too much credit cannot be given to the performances of Miss K—p and Master T—g—s, who exceeded the most sanguine expectations. His Excellency the Governor and a number of the most respectable Clergy honored these performances with their presence. Messrs Graham and Johnson deserve all the encouragement that a generous public can give.

ARRIVALS since our last.

Ships, Jenny, Smith, Southampton; Betty, Watson, London; Commerce, Sesson, Liverpool; New-Jersey, Robinson, St. Ubes.

Brigs, Triton, Howland, Hull; Lydia, Reid, Dublin; Boon, Orange, Madeira.

Schooners, Nancy Tatom, St. Croix; Alert, Price, Tortola; Willing-maid, Miller, Cape-Francois.

Sloops Hancock, Brown, Rhode-Island; Polly & Debby, Dickinson, —; Lydia, Hughes, St. Croix; Mary, Jones, Halifax; Lady Green, Godfrey, Rhode-Island.

An answer to the ENIGMA, in the Weekly Messenger for September 20.

WHEN Margaret does her toilet grace,
Her GLASS with beauty shines,
No looner she withdraws her face,
The glass neglected pines.
All night conceal'd from human sight,
'Tis lonely and despis'd,
By Margaret, at return of light
Each day 'tis aggrandis'd.
Smith-Street, Oct. 2. 1788. J. E. M.

JUST PUBLISHED,

[Price Two Shillings.]

And to be SOLD by

THOMAS ALLEN,

Queen-street, corner of the Fly-market, New-York.

MONODY ON

Major ANDRE,

(Who was executed at Tappan, New-Jersey, October 2, 1780.)

Written by Miss SEWARD.

The uncommon beauties in this very elegant and affecting Poem, are a proof of the Author's exalted genius and abilities.

O! who can read this Tale of Woe without a tear?

To which are added,

Andre's LETTERS to Miss Seward.

Of his wit and vivacity, the letters subjoined to this work will afford ample proof. They were addressed to her when he was at the age of 18.

Likewise are Added,

Major Andre's letters to his Excellency General Washington, and to Sir Henry Clinton, K. B. &c. &c. Also, Extract from a letter which appeared in the Pennsylvania Gazette, dated Oct. 25, 1780. The author supposed to be Colonel Hamilton, Aid-de-Camp to General Washington.

Also added, an entire new publication, called, EDMUND, of the VALE.

A Hermit's Tale, recorded by his own hand, and found in his cell.

The production is the performance of Miss Sophia Lee, a lady to whom the public have been obliged for several very ingenious and elegant performances. Critical Reviews.

Poet's Corner.

The following is taken from a late publication, entitled a Monody on Major Andre.

EDMUND of the VALE.

A HERMIT'S TALE.

RECORDED BY HIS OWN HAND, AND FOUND IN HIS CELL.

This TALE is the Production of Miss SOPHIA LEE, a Lady to whom the Public have been obliged for several very ingenious and elegant Performances. Critical Rev.

FROM prime of youth to hoary age
In this lone cell I've dwelt;
Here fought by tracing nature's page
To sooth the pangs I felt.

The moss-wove oaks that near my cave
In fullen grandeur stand,
And o'er its broken summit wave,
Were as in my hand.

These time mock tow'rs which all forsake,
Erect and gay I've seen;
And half of yon translucent lake,
A flow'r-ennamelled green.

When shall my penitence and pray'rs
Obtain the boon I crave?
When shall my thorny bed of cares
Become my peaceful grave?

O worship'd reliques! holy book!
Detain my mental eye;
Nor let it ever back ward look,
To trace sad memory.

Oh thou! memorial cross of God,
My whole attention seize!
And bow my heart upon the sod,
Worn daily by my knees.

Alas! not piety can heal
The soul convuls'd with guilt;
Nor all her fountains cleanse the steel
Which human blood has spilt.

Ah let me ease it, then and speak
The long, long treasure'd tale;
What bitter griefs first bade me seek
The silence of this vale.

Near Chivot hills I drew the air,
On Aran's Pleasant plain;
My mother was of presence fair,
Her fire an aged swain.

To tend the flocks was my employ,
Nor ever heav'd my breast,
When my fond mother blest her boy
At rising and at rest.

Yet oft with tears and smiles she strove;
And as I bent my knee,
She'd cry, "Be juster to thy love,
Than mine has been to me."

When lo! the neighbouring Spots a band
Rough as the native rocks,

Rush'd like a whirlwind o'er the land,
And swept away our flocks.

Between both lands strong tow'rs I rear,
With captive ensigns bright;
One nation gaz'd on them with fear;
The other with delight.

Around I station'd many a band,
Who dubious stragglers fought;
And ah! one day, by loves command,
A matchless beauty brought.

Her mein Majestic seem'd to speak
Th' unfulfill'd soul within;
No rose like that on her pure cheek
Blossoms o'er the face of sin.

Oh! not in grace the mountain pine
With her slight form could vie,
The blue that paints the arch divine,
Was feint to her bright eye.

Like a rich group of yellow sheaves,
In ringlets wild her hair,
Play'd on her breast—so Autumn-leaves
Hang on the lilly fair.

Ah doubt not, Edmund—she would say,
Thy worth must all engage;
Nor dare I scorn a father's sway,
Nor dare I grieve his age.

His silver'd head, as lillies bow,
Declining now appears;
Alike his frame doth tremble now,
With tenderness and years.

And sure a fearful joy she knows,
Who unpermitted loves;
While doubly hallow'd are the vows
A parent's voice approves.

[To be concluded in our next.]

THE MORALIST.

The DOCTRINE of the AGE.

THE heathens courted truth as a mistress, with warm and sincere addresses, but could not obtain her. We having obtained her, treat her as an abandoned age do the lawful partners of their beds, with satiety and disgust, and a wild desire after new embraces. And what have we embraced? Thus runs at best the palatable doctrine of an age too knowing to need instruction, and too proud to hear it from Heaven itself.

"Whatever notice of duty to God, or man, are imprinted in us by nature, or deduced by reason, these are obliging and necessary to be performed by all as the natural religion; but as for any positive institutions, or particular forms of religion, these are of human origin, stamped in the political mints of craft, interest or ambition; a coin current for the vulgar only." It is fit it seems that the vulgar should be fettered, that their superiors may expatiate more at large, and not fear to meet with rivals in them. And indeed if the vulgar had the same principles and opinions, with many of their masters, their masters would have as fair a chance to have their throats cut, as their murderer to be hung for it.

BLANKS

Of all Kinds, to be had at the Printing-Office, No. 3, Peck-slip.

ANECDOTES.

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